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10-7-2017

# Junior Recital: Juliana Joy Child, soprano

Juliana Joy Child

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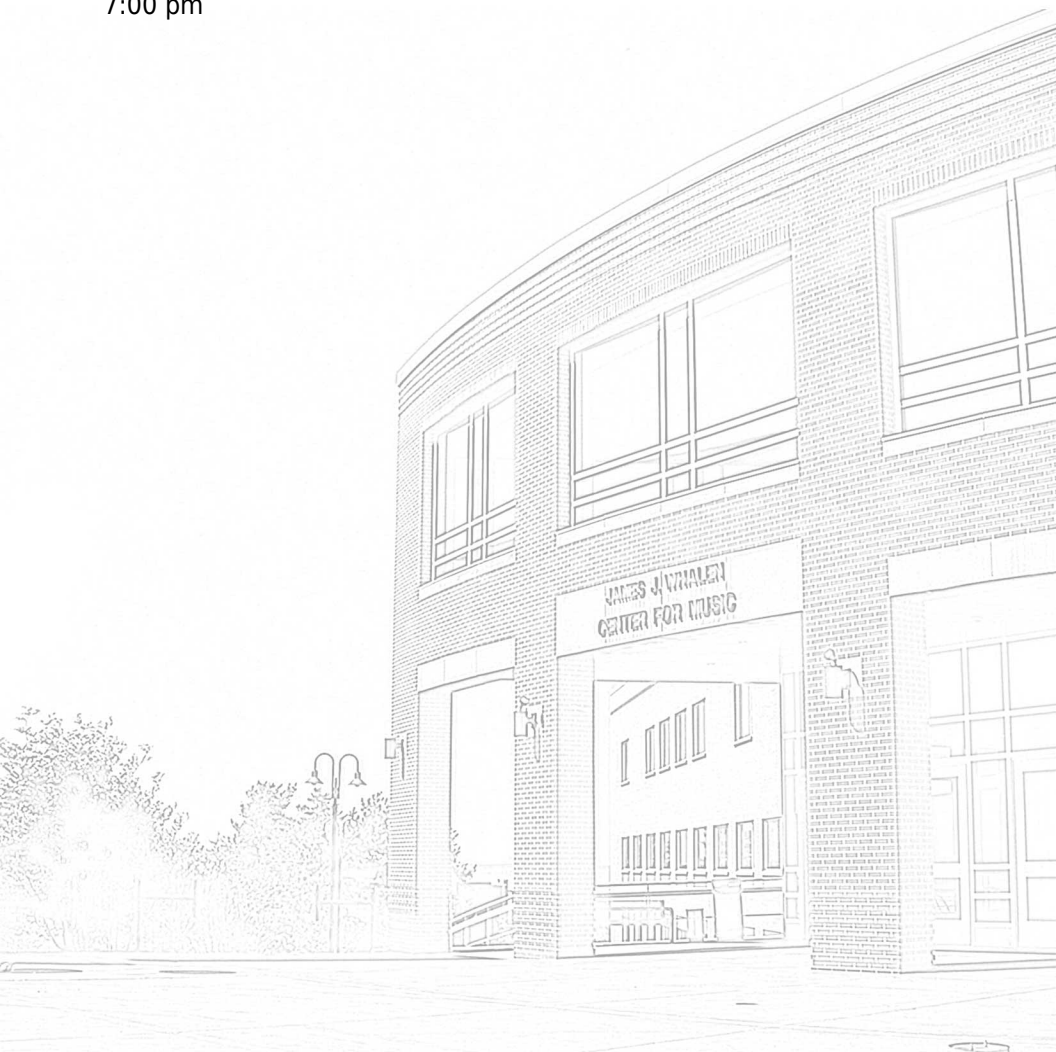
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**Junior Recital:**  
Juliana Joy Child, soprano

Oliver Scott, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Saturday, October 7th, 2017  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Magnificat, BWV 243  
III. *Quia respexit*  
Gloria, RV 589  
III. *Laudamus te*  
VI. *Domine Deus*

J.S. Bach  
(1685-1750)  
Antonio Vivaldi  
(1678-1741)

*Imogen Mills, soprano*

Fleur des blés  
Romance  
Les cloches

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

"Stars and the Moon"  
from *Songs for a New World*  
"My White Knight"  
from *The Music Man*

Jason Robert Brown  
(b. 1970)  
Meredith Wilson  
(1902-1984)

# Intermission

Juchhe!  
Dein blaues Auge  
Botschaft

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

i carry your heart

John Duke  
(1899-1984)

Silent Noon

Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872-1958)

Love's Philosophy

Roger Quilter  
(1877-1953)

"Laurie's Song"  
from *The Tender Land*

Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

# Translations

## Quia respexit

Quia respexit  
humilitatem ancillae suae.  
Ecce enim ex hoc  
beatam me dicent (omnes  
generationes).

For He has considered  
the low estate of His handmaiden.  
Behold, indeed from this point,  
(all generations) shall call me blessed.

## Laudamus te

Laudamus te.  
Benedicimus te.  
Adoramus te.  
Glorificamus te.

We praise You.  
We bless You.  
We adore You.  
We glorify You.

## Domine Deus

Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,  
Deus Pater omnipotens.

Lord God, heavenly king,  
God almighty Father.

## Fleur des blés

Le long des blés que la brise  
Fait onduler puis défrise  
En un désordre coquet,  
J'ai trouvé de bonne prise  
De t'y cueillir un bouquet.

Along the wheat that the breeze  
causes to ripple and then straighten  
in a coquettish disorder,  
I have found a good opportunity  
to pick a bouquet for you.

Mets le vite à ton corsage;  
Il est fait à ton image  
En même temps que pour toi...  
Ton petit doigt, je le gage,  
T'a déjà soufflé pourquoi:

Fasten it quickly to your bodice;  
it is made in your likeness  
and at the same time made for you...  
A little bird, I wager,  
already whispered why:

Ces épis dorés, c'est l'onde  
De ta chevelure blonde  
Toute d'or et de soleil;  
Ce coquelicot qui fronde,  
C'est ta bouche au sang vermeil.

This golden grain, it is the wave  
of your blond hair  
made of gold and sunlight;  
The poppy bobbing about,  
it is your blood red mouth.

Et ces bluets, beau mystère!  
Point d'azur que rien n'altère,  
Ces bluets, ce sont tes yeux,  
Si bleus qu'on dirait, sur terre,  
Deux éclats tombés des cieux.

And these cornflowers, beautiful  
mystery!  
Specks of azure that nothing can alter,  
these cornflowers, they are your eyes,  
so blue that one would say, to earth,  
two slivers have fallen from the sky.

~Text by André Giron

## Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,  
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante  
Des lis divins que j'ai cueillis  
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,  
Où donc les vents l'ont ils chassée,  
Cette âme adorable des lis?

The soul vanishing and suffering,  
the gentle soul, the fragrant soul  
of lilies divine that I have gathered  
in the garden of your thought,  
where then have the winds driven them,  
this adorable soul of the lilies?

N'est il plus un parfum qui reste  
De la suavité céleste  
Des jours ou tu m'enveloppais  
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,  
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,  
De béatitude et de paix?

Does no more than a perfume remain  
of the celestial sweetness  
of the days when you enveloped me  
with a supernatural vapor,  
made of hope, of faithful love,  
of bliss and of peace?

~Text by Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

## Les cloches

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des  
branches,  
Délicatement.  
Les cloches tintaient, légères et  
franches,  
Dans le ciel clément.

The leaves opened along the length of  
the branches,  
delicately.  
The bells tolled, lightly and freely,  
in the temperate sky.

Rythmique et fervent comme une  
antienne,  
Ce lointain appel  
Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne  
Des fleurs de l'autel.

Rhythmic and fervent like a hymn,  
this distant call  
reminded me of the Christian whiteness  
of the flowers of the altar.

Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses  
années,  
Et, dans le grand bois,  
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées,  
Des jours d'autrefois.

These bells spoke of happy years,  
and, in the deep forest,  
they seemed to make green again the  
withered leaves,  
as in days gone by.

~Text by Paul Bourget

## Juchhe!

Wie ist doch die Erde so schön, so  
schön!  
Das wissen die Vögelein;  
Sie heben ihr leicht Gefieder,  
Und singen so fröhliche Lieder  
In den blauen Himmel hinein.

The earth is so beautiful, so beautiful!  
The little birds know that;  
they lift their light plumage,  
and sing such cheerful songs  
into the blue heaven.

Wie ist doch die Erde so schön, so  
schön!  
Das wissen die Flüß' und Seen;

The earth is so beautiful, so beautiful!  
The rivers and lakes know that;

Sie malen im klaren Spiegel  
Die Gärten und Städt und Hügel,  
Und die Wolken, die drüber geh'n!

they paint a clear reflection  
of the gardens and cities and hills,  
and the clouds, which pass over them!

Und Sänger und Maler wissen es,  
Und es wissen's viel and're Leut';  
Und wer's nicht malt, der singt es,  
Und wer's nicht singt, dem klingt es  
Im Herzen vor lauter Freud!

And singers and painters know it,  
and it is known by many other people;  
and those who do not paint it, sing it,  
and those who do not sing it, let it ring  
in their hearts for pure joy!

~Text by Robert Reinick (1805-1852)

## Dein blaues Auge

Dein blaues Auge hält so still,  
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.  
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?  
Ich sehe mich gesund.

Your blue eyes hold so still,  
I look as far as to the bottom.  
You ask me, what do I wish to see?  
This sight restores me to health.

Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar;  
  
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl:  
Das deine ist wie See so klar,  
Und wie ein See, so kühl.

They once burned me, a glowing pair of  
eyes;  
I still feel the pain:  
Your eyes are as clear as a lake,  
and like a lake, as cool.

~Text by Klaus Groth (1819-1899)

## Botschaft

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich  
Um die Wange der Geliebten,  
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,  
eile nicht hinwegzufliehn!  
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,  
Wie es um mich Armen stehe;  
Sprich: "Unendlich war sein Wehe,  
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;  
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen,  
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,  
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn!"

Waft, little breeze, gently and lovingly  
about the cheeks of my beloved,  
play tenderly in her locks,  
hasten not to flee away!  
Puts she then perhaps the question,  
how does my poor one stand?  
Say: "Unending was his pain,  
highly critical his condition;  
but now he can hope  
to gloriously revive himself again,  
for you, lovely one, are thinking of him!"

~Text by Georg Friedrich Daumer  
(1800-1875)